

platonic slow dancing (what could go wrong?)

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platonic slow dancing (what could go wrong?)

by [wtfwhyamilikethis](#)

Summary

Dream and George slow dance together as a 'joke', but Dream takes the joke too far.

10k words of smut. i wish i was kidding lol

Notes

Dream and George have both stated that they are okay with being written about explicitly. If their opinions ever change, I will take this down.

make sure you read the tags and i hope you enjoy! :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Neither of them could really tell how they ended up like they were, holding each other close and dancing to some slow song playing from the speaker. It had started with some stupid karaoke, screaming along to lyrics as they made dinner together. When the slow song came on, they somehow agreed that they should platonically slow dance together.

It was a joke, of course, both boys giggling as they wrapped their arms around each other. Dream's hands found a place on George's waist, resting there lightly, high enough up to still be considered friendly. George was loosely holding his wrist in one hand behind Dream's neck, his arms linked together and locking the two in an embrace.

They were still in the kitchen, the food they had just prepared lying there forgotten. The stove wasn't turned on yet, so the two boys let themselves get lost in each other for a moment, big grins plastered on their faces as they looked at each other while they swayed along to the music.

Both boys had a light blush dusting their cheeks, feeling nervous every time their eyes met. There was still some space between them, keeping each other at a distance. They both didn't dare to speak, not wanting to shatter the moment or cut through the thick tension in the air.

Their hearts pounded in their chests as George inched closer, barely enough to even notice. Dream noticed though. He was paying such close attention to George's every move, every breath; it would be hard to miss anything.

Then George was pressed up against Dream, their bodies just barely brushing together as they danced. Although small, the contact felt overwhelming, the butterflies in Dream's stomach having no platonic explanation.

It was a lot, being so close to each other and sharing the same hot, thick air. The only noise in the room was the slow song still drifting from the nearby speaker. Their eyes shifted around the room until finally, Dream's eyes lingered on George, watching the boy's expressions.

When George looked back at him, Dream's breath caught in his throat, finding it a little hard to breathe as they made eye contact. Smiles grew on both their faces and then they were laughing again, quietly giggling at the strange situation they found themselves in.

With the tension fading, both boys going back to their joking demeanor, Dream decided to mess around a little. As a joke, of course. Platonically.

His hand trailed down George's back, slowly leading lower as a teasing smirk grew on his face. When George made no move to stop him, Dream let his hand slip down to George's ass, gripping it through the fabric of George's sweatpants. He heard George's breath hitch before he brought his hand back up, laughing.

George wasn't laughing. His face was bright red, and his eyes shifted away from Dream's. When Dream saw how uncomfortable George looked, his laughter died down, quickly becoming worried he had taken the joke too far. They stopped dancing, and Dream took his hands off of George, saying, "Oh shit, oh my god, I'm sorry. Fuck, I'm so sorry, I-I don't know what I was thinking."

Still not meeting Dream's eyes, George shook his head, his arms dropping from where they rested around Dream's neck as he said, "It's okay, it was a joke. Don't worry about it." He was trying to brush it off, pretend the action didn't affect him as much as it had.

The strange feeling in George's gut confused him; they made jokes like that all the time. Something

about that scenario, though, dancing with Dream and looking into his eyes, things felt different. He dared to think that maybe, he felt so nervous because of how much he had *liked* the action. Dream's hands on his body, touching him, did something to George he hadn't been ready for. It brought up feelings he wasn't prepared to admit, thoughts he had ignored in the past.

"No, George, it's not okay. I shouldn't have done that. I overstepped your boundaries." There was a pause before he continued, softly saying, "I'm sorry I made you uncomfortable."

They were standing a few feet apart, George still not looking at Dream, his face feeling hot with the uncomfortable tension surrounding them. George's voice was more stern the next time he spoke, "I said it's *fine*, Dream." He sounded annoyed, upset, and it killed Dream. He didn't want to make George upset. "I'm gonna go to bed," George mumbled, quickly turning away to head off to his room.

Then Dream was left standing alone in the kitchen, the end of their slow song fading out as he watched George walk away. He turned off the speaker, feeling himself start to panic a little.

He fucked up. He knew that; he crossed their invisible line between friendship and something more. It didn't help that his heart pounded harder and butterflies overtook his body when his hand trailed down George's back, hearing the boy's breath hitch at the movement; Dream enjoyed the feeling a little too much, considering George was his best friend.

His mind was racing and he felt so incredibly guilty. The shocked expression on George's face immediately made Dream regret his decision. Although he had already apologized and wasn't sure if George wanted to talk, he felt like he should say something more, not leave things so messy between them before going to sleep. If they left it until the morning, they might never end up talking about it, brushing it off as if nothing happened. And that surely wouldn't be healthy for their relationship.

So he made the decision, heading to George's room to hopefully talk things out so they could both go to sleep without overthinking everything and feeling awkward in the morning.

George, on the other hand, was also panicking. He shut his door and immediately went to lay down on his bed, going over everything that had just happened. Lying there, he was confused, not knowing what to feel. A part of him was embarrassed, felt bad for not laughing off the joke. The joke that didn't mean anything. Another part of George felt guilty, not wanting to admit that he liked the feeling of Dream's hands on him in that way.

His brain wouldn't shut up, bringing up every other time he had felt that way around Dream, which was a lot. Each time he got a little too flustered or felt his body heat up a little too much, the feeling was there. Ever since they had moved in together, little incidents would happen where they would make a joke that bordered the line between joking and serious, or where they would touch or cuddle on the sofa in a way that didn't feel as platonic as they told themselves it was.

So now that they had slow danced in the kitchen and Dream had jokingly grabbed his ass, it was much harder for George to deny his feelings. Thinking of how Dream's strong hands felt holding him, touching him, only led to more sinful thoughts. Thoughts of those same hands pinning him against the mattress, holding his wrists in one hand as the other traced down his body.

He thought of what else those hands could do, thought of Dream touching him in other places, pleasuring and teasing him until he was begging for more. Then he thought of lips on skin, leaving bruising marks and pulling out whines and whimpers from the back of George's throat. His mind

flooded with the filthy thoughts, imagining all the things Dream would do to him if he let him.

George hadn't even touched himself yet, having only thought about Dream, and he was already hard, dick straining against the fabric of his sweats. His room felt hot, each breath unsteady as the thoughts became overwhelming. He wanted Dream. Wanted Dream to kiss him, touch him, fuck him into the mattress.

Then, he slowly, hesitantly trailed a hand down his body, fingers brushing over his pants, right where he needed them. As he began palming himself through his sweatpants, he thought of someone else's hand touching him, a larger hand that was far too familiar. Getting lost in his thoughts again, he didn't even hear the light knock on his door.

Hearing no response to the knock, Dream opened George's bedroom door, hoping to resolve their uncomfortable tension. Opening the door, he was met with a sight he wasn't prepared for.

There George was, lying on his bed with a hand palming his dick through sweatpants. His face was red and his lips were parted, breaths shallow. Not much was showing aside from a sliver of the pale skin of George's stomach where his shirt rode up, but the sight was still far too alluring.

Dream felt his face heat up as he quickly stammered out, "Oh shit, sorry. Fuck, uh." George looked at him with wide eyes, his hands now by his side as he shot up in bed, stunned by the sudden intrusion. "I'm just gonna go, sorry," Dream said quickly, the swirl of emotions in his gut feeling far too overwhelming.

No part of Dream wanted to leave. If anything, he only wanted to move closer, capture George's lips in a rough kiss and continue what the boy was doing but with his own hand. But he knew he couldn't do that, so he shut the door a little too hard as he rushed off to his room. His brain was scrambled and he couldn't think properly. The only thoughts swarming his brain were how fucking good George looked all worked up and sweaty on his bed. He also wondered why George was even getting himself off right after what happened in the kitchen; he willed himself to think it had nothing to do with him, not wanting to get his hopes up for something unrealistic.

As Dream rushed off, he heard George call his name out behind him, the panic in his tone evident. He heard George's door open and footsteps hurrying behind him.

Just as Dream reached his own room, hurrying inside, the footsteps caught up to him. Dream held his head in his hands, trying to shake the lewd sight from his mind but having no luck.

Then there was a hand on his shoulder, turning him around to face George. Dream's mind felt foggy as George rushed to explain himself, "Dream, listen, I'm sorry, I-I just—" George cut himself off, not having an explanation for touching himself right after the incident in the kitchen. He couldn't come up with a reasonable excuse, stuttering over non-existent words.

Dream looked into George's eyes as he watched the boy fumble for words, feeling his breathing quicken and using all his power to not grab the boy and kiss the pathetic attempts at excuses right off his soft, pink lips. Seeing George so flustered and panicked, desperately trying to explain himself, made Dream think that maybe he was right. Maybe it wasn't a coincidence that George was touching himself after what happened in the kitchen. He felt himself losing control over his mind, thinking that maybe George felt the same.

"George," he cut off the boy's useless rambling, voice firm and low. George stopped, thickly swallowing as he paused, looking right into Dream's dark eyes. Their hearts were pounding, nerves coursing through them. They were only standing a few feet apart, much too close to be thinking coherently. "Tell me it had nothing to do with what happened in the kitchen," he paused, thinking

over his words, "Tell me it had nothing to do with me." His voice was rough and warning, drenched in lust and longing.

Silence was George's response, feeling small under Dream's gaze. He didn't want to lie. The intimidating tone sent shivers down George's spine, rendering him speechless.

Then, Dream stepped closer, leaving just a foot of space between the two, "Tell me George." His voice was quieter now that they were closer, words still sounding strangled.

"I can't," George said, his voice small and weak.

They stared into each other's eyes, both boys too scared to make the first move. Then Dream stepped even closer, and George realized just how close his back was to the wall. As his friend loomed closer, George remembered just how much taller Dream was than him. The thought sent a spark of arousal through George, igniting his nerves in hot desire.

Dream experimentally reached a hand out, letting it lightly brush against George's waist. George's breath hitched at the slight contact, wanting, needing to feel Dream's hands on him again.

"Touch me," George let out breathlessly.

Hands gripped onto George's waist, pushing him back against the wall as their bodies pressed closer, faces mere inches apart. George's hands reached up to rest on Dream's chest, slowly sliding them up to the boy's broad shoulders as he took a trembling breath in, swallowing down the soft moan attempting to escape his lips.

Eyes flickered from eyes to lips, their breathing and heart beats unsteady. Their breaths mingled in the air between them as they both slowly leaned in, lips brushing together. Letting out a shaky breath, George finally closed the gap.

Soft lips pressed together, firm and slow at first. Their whole bodies felt like they were on fire, hearts beating quickly as the realization that they were finally kissing settled in. It wasn't long until the kiss sped up, lips moving together hurriedly as they pulled each other closer. Then Dream's tongue slipped into George's mouth, hot and wet, gliding over every inch of the boy's mouth.

The kiss only grew in intensity as Dream pressed George up against the wall harder, rolling his hips against George's and drinking in the gasp that left the boy's mouth in response.

They started grabbing at each other's clothes, fists gripping fabric as they felt themselves growing needy for each other. Then Dream backed away from the wall, bringing George with him and not breaking the heated kiss. He moved them over to his bed, crowding George up against it until the back of the boy's knees hit the mattress.

George then sat down, parting from the kiss momentarily and immediately moving his hands down to the hem of Dream's shirt. Hurriedly, Dream reached a hand behind his back, gripping his shirt and pulling it over his head. Then his lips were back on George's, kissing the boy roughly as he leaned over, pushing George to lie down.

With George on his back, Dream parted from the kiss again and moved his hands to George's waist to effortlessly move the boy up on the bed, practically throwing him up farther as he crawled on top of him. Getting on top between George's thighs, Dream leaned down, lifting George's shirt and kissing the soft stomach underneath.

George gasped at the feeling, head leaning back slightly as he arched his body up into the contact. Pushing the shirt up, Dream pressed more kisses into George's skin, nipping at it occasionally as

George let out pleased sighs. His mouth reached George's nipple, swirling his tongue around it and listening to the soft, shocked moan that left George's mouth.

Then Dream brought his head back up to capture George's lips in another kiss, more needy than the last. As they kissed, Dream briefly pulled away again to take George's shirt off before leaning down again and feeling hot skin on skin.

George's hands smoothed up Dream's back, feeling the bare skin and gently running his nails along it. With hot tongues in each other's mouths, George's legs wrapped around Dream's waist, pulling him into his body until their hips met. They moaned at the contact, Dream grinding his hips down.

Dream parted from the kiss in favour of kissing down George's neck, pressing his tongue against the soft skin. He felt George's hands move up into his hair, gripping it gently.

Between wet kisses placed on George's neck, Dream mumbled out, "You sure you want this?" his voice dripping in lust and wanting.

"Yes," George's response was quick and breathless, barely even being able to think straight with Dream's lips and tongue on his neck, their hips flush together as Dream grinded down into him.

Bringing his lips up to George's ear, hot breath ghosting over the skin, Dream lowly said, "What is it you want, George? What do you want me to do to you?"

As he waited for George's response, Dream's hands trailed up and down George's sides, brushing over the soft, slightly sweaty skin. "Want you- want you to fuck me," George said desperately.

"Yeah?" Dream said teasingly, "How do you want it?" Dream brought his head up to look at George, punctuating his sentence with a roll of his hips against George's.

A whine unwillingly slipped past George's lips, rolling his body up into Dream in an attempt to get more stimulation. "C'mon George, tell me how you want me. I wanna make you feel good," his tone was still teasing, loving how flustered he could make George with his demanding words, wondering what else George might like to hear in the same firm tone. His eyes scanned over George's face, watching the boy's reactions as he trailed a hand up his body before letting it rest loosely on the boy's throat. "You like it rough?" he questioned, a smirk on his lips.

George choked back another whine as he nodded his head, looking into Dream's eyes with desperation and a hint of shame. The smirk on Dream's face only grew wider as he learnt the new information, thinking of all the different things he could do to George. "Words, Georgie," Dream demanded.

"Yes. *Please* Dream. I want you to be rough."

With that, the hand on George's throat tightened ever-so-slightly as Dream dipped down to kiss George again. His lips were strong and taking, squeezing the sides of George's throat with his hand as he kissed the boy breathless.

George kissed back eagerly, parting his lips and letting Dream take control. His hands gripped onto Dream's shoulders, pulling the strong body into his own as the strain in his pants became uncomfortable.

Then Dream's hand left George's throat, a whine leaving George in response to the loss of pressure. He wasn't given any chance to complain though, Dream's tongue still deep in his mouth as hands grazed up George's arms to where the boy's hands rested on Dream's shoulders. Dream

pulled the hands away with a gentle grip on George's thin wrists, pushing smaller hands down against the mattress firmly. He slid his hands up, interlacing their fingers and pinning George's hands down on the bed.

Growing even more desperate, George rolled his hips up into Dream again, needing more. Dream didn't move just yet though, still kissing George roughly and savouring the feeling of skin on skin.

When Dream pulled away from the kiss, he looked down at George with half-lidded eyes, scanning over George's features. He saw messy hair, dark eyes swimming in arousal, lips puffy and red with a thin layer of spit coating them.

"God, look at you. Already a mess just from some kissing; how pathetic," Dream said, voice low.

George squirmed beneath him, "Shut up." His voice was weak, not helping the fact that he already seemed so lost in lust, restraining himself from babbling pleas for Dream's cock. The boy was trying to hang onto whatever shred of dignity he had left, not giving in to his desires quite yet.

The pitiful attempt to gain some power only caused Dream to huff out a breath of laughter, knowing George wouldn't need much convincing to do as Dream asked. "George," the condescending, knowing tone caused George to blush, shameful heat spreading farther down his body.

All it took was the utterance of George's name in that deep, smooth voice for George to immediately feel his self-control slipping. He wanted Dream so badly, not knowing how much more teasing he could put up with before he was begging for something to be inside of him.

Apparently, his last straw was when Dream slipped his leg between George's thighs, pressing on George's already-hard cock with his knee. A gasp was pulled from George before he was rambling, "I want you Dream. *Please*. Need you to ruin me." His voice was needier than he intended, not being able to hide his desperation.

"Ruin you, huh?" Dream said with a cocky smirk, "We're gonna need a safeword then, Georgie."

A soft, quiet moan unwillingly slipped past George's lips as he thought of what Dream would do to him, feeling himself grow even harder from the lewd thoughts. "Traffic light system?" George asked.

Dream nodded in response before he leaned down, trailing kisses along George's jaw until he got to the boy's pale neck. He kissed down the expanse of it before he got to where George's neck met his shoulder. After pressing another open-mouthed kiss there, he bit down, hard.

A shocked gasp came from George's mouth, turning into a moan part way. George's hands shot up into Dream's hair, gripping it as he breathlessly said, "Holy *fuck*." George felt Dream's smirk against his skin as he continued, saying, "*More*. Please, mark me up, Dream."

A low chuckle came from Dream, his breath fanning over George's skin before giving the boy what he wanted. His lips attached onto George's neck again, sucking the skin harshly and biting it. George let out another quiet moan at the hot, wet sensation, eyes closing as he got lost in pleasure. Then Dream moved up, leaving another mark closer to George's jawline.

Once Dream was done kissing bruising marks up George's neck, he moved back down to the boy's chest, pressing soft kisses to the skin. George's chest was heaving underneath Dream's lips, anticipating what would come next.

Then Dream bit down again on George's chest, a gasp leaving George's lips. He continued trailing

kisses down George's body, moving lower and lower. When he reached the boy's soft, untouched stomach, he pressed a few kisses against it, letting his tongue glide along the smooth skin before sucking on it and leaving another bright red mark.

He then pressed more kisses farther down, right along the waistline of the boy's pants. George's heart rate quickened, lifting his head to look down at what Dream was doing. Dream's hands moved to grab onto George's waist, thumbs rubbing circles into the skin as he unraveled the boy.

His mouth then moved over George's sweats, kissing and teasing over George's hard length, feeling the outline of it.

George let a whiny moan slip past his lips, impatient for Dream's wet mouth surrounding him, pleasuring him. "*Please,*" George begged, sparks of arousal coursing through his body and leaving him feeling hot and desperate.

Dream looked up at him, a smug look on his face as they made eye contact. There was a pleading look in George's eyes, dark brown eyes glazed over and half-lidded.

Then Dream moved back up until his head was level with George's, looking down at the flushed boy. "Aw, did you think I was gonna suck you off?" Dream patronized, a sickly sweet tone to his voice. George swallowed hard, feeling his cheeks heat up in embarrassment. "Me first Georgie," the words were firm, leaving no room for complaint.

With that, Dream lifted himself up, moving to straddle George's chest and hearing a soft noise of surprise leave George's mouth at the change in position. George's eyes immediately went to eye the bulge in Dream's pants, swallowing thickly as he moved to lean back on his elbows, eye-level with Dream's cock. Dream huffed out a breath of laughter before bringing a hand to cup George's chin, tilting the boy's head up to look him in the eyes, "Eyes up here, pretty boy."

Making eye contact, Dream then reached his other hand down to begin palming himself through his sweatpants. His hand left George's face in favour of using it to push down his pants and underwear, pulling out his aching cock.

George's eyes shifted back down at the movement, licking his lips as he saw how big Dream was. Dream then started slowly stroking his dick, swiping a thumb over the tip to spread the precum and watching George's reaction. "Like what you see, George?" he asked teasingly, already knowing the answer

Eyes shifting back up to look at Dream through his lashes, George opened his mouth, letting his tongue loll out as an invitation for Dream to slide his cock into the tight heat. It was far better than any verbal response in Dream's opinion.

Dream grinned down at the boy, pleased with his eagerness as he continued lazily stroking his cock. Instead of giving George what he wanted, Dream leaned down, spitting into George's open mouth.

George was slightly shocked at first, blinking rapidly as he processed what Dream did before closing his mouth and swallowing. A pleased hum left Dream as he looked down at George. "Good boy," he murmured. George whimpered at the praise, feeling pathetic at how easily Dream could affect him. "You want my cock?" Dream asked, voice firm and demanding an answer.

"Yes," George said softly, feeling slightly embarrassed.

"George," his voice sounded almost disappointed, "I know you can do better than that." He paused

before lowering his voice, switching back to his more domineering tone as he said, “*Beg.*”

There was a moment of hesitation, George breaking eye contact as he felt his face flush. A gentle hand cupped his chin, softly tilting his head up to meet Dream’s eyes. “Colour?” Dream asked, voice filled with genuine care.

“Green,” George said calmly, willing his heartbeat to slow down, “I-I’m just nervous.”

Dream then threaded a hand through George’s soft hair, comforting the boy and easing his mind. The calming touch steadied George, letting his eyelids slip shut momentarily as his brain caught up with everything happening. “You’re doing so well, sweetheart. So good for me,” he praised.

After a few peaceful moments of soft touches, the grip Dream had in George’s hair tightened just barely. The sudden shift caused George’s eyes to flutter open, looking up and meeting Dream’s dark, lustful gaze. He didn’t have to say anything for George to know what he was asking.

“Please Dream.. wanna suck you off,” George quietly said, slowly gaining confidence and feeling the shame slip away in place of hot desire. “Fuck my throat?” he asked in an overly sweet tone, batting his lashes up at the blond.

A deep groan left Dream’s mouth as he watched George beg so nicely, feeling his cock twitch with arousal. “*God.* Of course, baby. Tap my leg three times if you need to stop,” his words were slightly strangled, finding it hard to control the coursing lust in his gut. “Open,” he stated simply, voice still somewhat soft.

George knew that wasn’t a question. It was a demand. He opened his mouth again, looking up at Dream and waiting to be filled; it wasn’t quite the end he’d prefer to have filled, but he knew they’d get there eventually. He could be patient for Dream, and he really wasn’t complaining if waiting to be fucked meant having a heavy cock shoved down his throat.

Then, Dream used his hold on the base of his dick to guide the head into George’s mouth, letting it weigh down on George’s tongue. George closed his mouth around the head, sucking softly and watching Dream’s mouth open in a silent gasp at the wet sensation of George’s lips around him.

Before Dream moved farther, George used his tongue to swirl it around the head of Dream’s cock and lick up along it, digging his tongue into the slit. A choked back moan left Dream, holding himself back from slamming into George’s mouth with impatience.

Slowly, Dream slid in deeper, letting George adjust to the large intrusion. George took it in happily, using his tongue to swipe over every sensitive spot and slick up Dream’s dick with his spit. He almost moaned at the blissful, heavy feeling of Dream’s cock in his mouth, eyes fluttering shut occasionally and focusing on pleasuring the man above him.

Once Dream hit the back of George’s throat, he paused, not pushing all the way in yet; he wanted to slowly open up George’s throat, feeling the boy go lax around him instead of pushing in hurriedly.

Then Dream’s hands moved to thread his fingers into brunet hair, gently holding the boy’s head still as he began shallowly thrusting his hips. He sucked in a deep breath through his teeth at the feeling, suppressing the lewd moans in the back of his throat.

George loved the slick glide of Dream’s cock over his tongue, feeling the poke at the back of his throat pushing farther with each short thrust from the blond. As he let Dream take control, George relaxed his throat, still doing his best to use his tongue despite the rough treatment of his mouth.

Dream's thrusts got increasingly harsher, pushing deeper into George's pliant mouth and looking down at the boy, watching how pretty he managed to look while doing something so obscene. "Fuck, you're taking me so well, George," Dream gritted out.

In response, George moaned on Dream's cock, sending pleasant vibrations through the length. At that point, Dream's movements had become harsh, snapping his hips into the wet heat and moaning out at the feeling, not sure how much longer he could last.

Spit was trailing down George's chin and threatening to drip down onto his chest below. Tears brimmed his eyes, the boy trying his best not to gag on Dream's cock as it pushed deep down his throat, barely giving him a chance to breathe before it was slammed back into him.

The heat pooling in Dream's abdomen was quickly becoming too much, muscles tightening and his body threatening to release. Not wanting it to be over so soon and still having so many more ways to ruin George, Dream pulled out with a shuddering breath.

George looked delectably filthy with spit and precum dripping down his face, the sight so lewd yet sinfully alluring. Dream couldn't stop staring, watching George's open mouth take deep breaths now that he could finally breathe properly. He looked too damn good with evidence of Dream all over him; darkening marks on his neck and precum mixing with the slick glide of spit still trailing down his chin left Dream breathless.

Without cleaning anything off or making any attempt to wipe the remnants of the rough face-fucking off, Dream bent his body over so that his lips could meet George's in a sloppy, open-mouthed kiss. He practically folded himself over at the odd position where he sat, caging George's chest in with large thighs and leaning over, desperately wanting to taste George. The brunet tasted like sweet honey and dark desire, soft and tender with the sharp tang of hot passion. Traces of Dream were still found on the boy's tongue, a hint of fierce possession seeping into the kiss at the reminder of *Dream* being the one so lucky to have George lying beneath him, ready and waiting to be ruined.

George accepted the kiss eagerly, licking into Dream's mouth with no regard for the mess spread on his lips and chin. Everything felt obscenely slick, the wet glide of their mouths together sending red-hot heat low in their abdomens, dicks twitching with a need for more. George's hands found purchase in the soft skin of Dream's thighs, harshly squeezing as he licked into the blond's mouth in an attempt to coax Dream into doing *more*.

Nails dug into the tender flesh of Dream's upper thighs, leaving soon fading crescent-shaped marks in the pale skin. The kiss was messy but not in an unpleasant way, both boys letting tongues swirl together until they couldn't tell what tasted of who.

Dream's hands cupped George's face, holding the boy tenderly, in contrast to the harsh bite of teeth against sensitive pink lips. His still-slick dick lay forgotten on George's chest, both boys too focused on the wet glide of tongues and the harsh grip George had on soft thighs. Almost subconsciously, Dream rut his hips against George's chest just barely, feeling his sensitive cock rub against smooth skin. A soft groan fell from Dream's swollen lips as got lost in the kiss, the obscene noises of slick lips meeting drowning out the desperate noise of arousal.

In between rushed kisses, George mumbled, "My turn?"

George should've known that Dream wouldn't take the impatience well. Dream pulled away from the kiss, holding himself up with hands planted on the bed beside George. A smirk danced across his lips, a dark glint in his eyes flickering with sinful ideas. "Needy slut," he spat harshly, "That eager to get your dick wet?"

The degrading words sent sparks of pleasure through George's aching body, causing him to whine in response, not wanting to admit how much he liked it, "*Please* Dream, wanna feel your lips around me." His dick was still straining in his sweatpants and boxers, the restraint becoming uncomfortable as he grew more and more desperate for any kind of stimulation.

Pleas falling past pretty, slicked-up lips left Dream wanting more as he shifted down on George's body so he could press his lips to the boy's chest, licking over the faint bite mark he left there earlier. George tilted his head back and wiped the mess off his face using the back of his hand as his dick twitched in interest, a quiet groan slipping past his lips as his hands moved into Dream's hair.

Then Dream got off of George to instead place himself between the boy's thighs, hands finding the waistline of George's pants. He looked up at George, waiting until George looked back to ask, "Can I take these off?"

George nodded his head rapidly, tongue darting out to coat his already wet lips in another thin layer of spit. Dream slipped his fingers under George's pants and boxers before tugging them down, freeing George's cock from restraint.

He removed the pants completely along with his own before his lips met George's inner thigh, pressing soft open-mouthed kisses to the pale skin. Moving his way up, he heard George let out delicate sighs and hums of pleasure, satisfied with finally having Dream so close to where he desperately needed him and loving the feeling of soft lips kissing and sucking sensitive skin.

Without any warning, Dream bit down into the skin. A gasp left George at the sharp pain that felt strangely pleasant. Dream's tongue then smoothed over the mark, soothing the skin with soft licks of apology. He kissed farther up until he was met with George's already leaking cock, lying against the boy's milky stomach.

Eying it hungrily, Dream paused for a moment to admire how alluring George looked laid out for him before glancing up to meet George's eyes. Making eye contact, Dream licked a stripe up the underside of George's cock where it lay against the boy's stomach, watching George's eyes roll back in his head.

Dream's hand reached up to grab George's dick at the base, holding it up so he could wrap his lips around it, only taking in a small amount at first. Dream swirled his tongue around the head, loving the salty taste of precum swimming in his mouth. He moaned around George's cock at the feeling and taste of George in his mouth, eager to please.

His hand moved in sync with his mouth as he bobbed his head on George's cock, taking in more and more as he went and using his tongue to lap at George's dick as he moved.

George was becoming a mess at the blissful feeling of Dream's lips wrapped tightly around him and drawing out pretty noises from the back of his throat. His muscles tensed at every swipe of Dream's tongue on a particularly sensitive spot, biting back pathetic whines and whimpers.

Then Dream was moving faster, his hand stilling so his mouth could take in more of George each time he went down, lips tightening closer to the tip. It was overwhelming ecstasy for George, fists gripping blond locks for some kind of stability as he quickly found himself getting lost in pleasure.

The tight lock of Dream's lips on his pulsing cock was making George's head spin, nothing but filthy sounds slipping past his constantly parted lips. Dream's fingers were gripping into the soft flesh of George's thighs, arms wrapped under to cup his hands over the top, pushing George's thighs flush against his cheeks. He was almost asking George to tighten them around his head,

loving the feeling of soft, smooth skin pressing against him and caging his head in.

As Dream dug his tongue into the slit of George's dick, the thighs tightened, muscles tensing at the wave of pleasure that washed over the brunet. George crossed his ankles behind Dream, caging the blond's head in with the tight lock of pale thighs. Dream moaned out at the feeling, sending vibrations through George's cock as thighs surrounded him. He sucked harder, taking his hand away entirely to push his head farther, taking in as much of George as he could and hollowing out his cheeks.

George's dick hit the back of Dream's throat, and Dream gagged just barely, bringing his head up to take in a gasp of breath, a trail of spit connecting his open mouth to George's cock. "*Fuck*," George let out breathlessly, not sure how much longer he could've lasted. As Dream caught his breath, he brought a hand to lazily stroke George's dick, spreading the obscene amount of spit coating it. George's chest was heaving, relaxing his thighs from around Dream's head and recovering from the intense pleasure of having Dream's lips wrapped around him.

When Dream dipped back down to take George into his mouth again, a hand reached out to cup his chin, stopping the movement. "Wait," George panted between words, "Dream, I want you inside of me." His words were slightly strangled, desperation seeping through his tone.

"*Fuck*. O-Okay," Dream said, his voice rough after just having a dick down his throat. George's request took him by surprise, anticipation and shock causing him to hesitate slightly, stumbling over his words.

Then Dream got off the bed, moving to get a bottle of lube from his bedside drawer. Settling himself back between George's thighs, he looked into the boy's eyes, seeing dark desire swirling in them, eager anticipation radiating off the two.

Dream squeezed a generous amount of lube onto three of his fingers, closing the bottle and tossing it to the side before spreading and warming the lube on his fingers. He then brought a finger to press against George's hole, using his other hand to lift one of George's legs slightly.

A stuttered breath fell from George's lips at the feeling, waiting for the thick finger to push inside and stretch him open.

Then Dream's finger slipped inside, slowly so that George could adjust. George pushed himself down on the digit, trying to take in more as he became impatient to have Dream fill him. The finger slipped in farther until it was all the way down to the last knuckle. George was tight around Dream as the blond began moving the finger, slowly pushing in and out of George.

As the feeling became more pleasant, George let out a soft moan up to the ceiling, closing his eyes to focus on feeling Dream's finger inside of him. Before long, George was moving his hips in time with Dream's finger, silently asking for another. "More," he said breathlessly.

Dream complied, slowly pushing another finger into George and watching where they connected, nearly moaning at the sight of George swallowing his fingers so eagerly.

With the second finger added, George was beginning to feel more and more pleasure, the fingers just barely brushing against his prostate and making him writhe on the bed. Then the fingers were moving faster, and without much warning, Dream curled them inside of George, hitting that sweet spot and earning a deliciously lewd moan from the brunet.

Hands gripped the bed sheets as Dream continued thrusting in and out of George, fucking the boy on his fingers and drinking in the loud moans that spilled into the room every time he pressed

against George's prostate.

When Dream continued at his relentless pace, still not adding the third finger, George whined. A smirk tugged at Dream's lips as he watched George so needy for more, wanting to see how long he could draw it out.

Instead of adding another finger, Dream leaned forward, bending George's leg with the grip he had on the boy's thigh as he practically folded him in half. He moved until he was eye-level with George, two fingers still pleasuring the boy with every push and twist. Then they were kissing again, Dream eagerly slipping his tongue into the boy's mouth when George's lips parted in a gasp at the pressure on his prostate.

Moans spilled from one mouth into another, filling the room with their lust. The fingers moved faster, Dream pulling pathetic whimpers out of George each time he curled them up.

In between sloppy kisses, George managed to get out, "*Dream, please.*"

George felt the curve of Dream's lips in the kiss when the blond smiled, pleased at George's desperate reactions and words.

Then there was a third finger pressing against George's rim, teasing the boy with small movements. George rolled his hips down in a pathetic attempt to get the finger inside him, silently pleading with his body. After a moment, Dream finally pushed the last finger in, George keening at the feeling of being filled even more.

The fingers twisted inside of him, opening him up for Dream's cock. Once Dream felt George was fully prepped and ready, he pulled his fingers out, still kissing George. George whined at the empty feeling, knowing what would come next was far better than a few fingers but being too impatient to wait to be filled again.

Pulling away from the kiss, Dream asked, "You ready?" His tone was far too sweet for what he was asking, but George appreciated the care in his voice nonetheless.

"Yes, please fuck me Dream."

George looked so fucking good under Dream, eyes clouded with lust and wanting, slick lips red and puffy, asking so nicely to be fucked. So Dream bit back a groan, moving to sit back on his heels as he reached over to his bedside table.

"No condom," the boy under him said shyly.

Dream looked back with slightly wide eyes, "You sure?"

"Yeah, I'm clean."

A shuddering breath left Dream at the idea of fucking George raw, "Me too."

They looked at each other for perhaps a moment too long, George getting slightly worried Dream hadn't moved to do something. "Um, we can use one if you're, uh, not comfortable though, of course," George said nervously.

"What? No- no, I want to," Dream rushed out. The blond then moved back to sit on his heels between George's legs, bringing his hands to rest on top of soft thighs and rub his thumbs in comforting patterns of reassurance. "*God* I want to."

A soft huff of laughter left George, “Then do it already.”

Dream’s face immediately shifted, returning to his arrogant smirk that George wanted to kiss right off his face. The hands resting on George’s thighs tightened, “You’re gonna regret that.” A shiver ran down George’s spine, arousal pooling in his gut at the rough tone. And yeah, maybe George only said what he said to get Dream riled up again; but how could he not when Dream looked so annoyingly hot with a cocky smirk and demanding words on his lips?

If saying bratty remarks would get him fucked harder and rougher, George was more than happy to indulge.

Dream reached for the bottle of lube still on the bed beside them. He took out a generous amount before rubbing it on his cock, his palm sliding over the already slick skin and spreading the lube.

He then moved to lift one of George’s legs, pushing down on the boy’s thigh to fold the leg over a pale stomach. He looked down, watching George’s hole clench around nothing as if asking for something to fill it.

Then Dream moved a hand to hold his dick at the base, lining himself up with George’s waiting hole. Slowly, Dream pushed in. The boy under him moaned at the feeling of Dream entering him, finally getting the satisfying, pleasurable feeling of being properly filled.

A stuttered moan left Dream’s lips as he pushed in deeper, feeling how tight George was. Then Dream’s hips were flush with George’s ass as he bottomed out inside of the brunet, his breathing shaky as he took in the overwhelming blissful feeling of George surrounding him. George felt his heart racing, tingles spreading over his body as he looked up at Dream with eyes full of desire.

Dream wiped his hand off on the bed before bringing it to lift George’s other leg, pushing it down against the boy’s body to fold it down and get a better angle. He looked down at George, affection and a silent question in his expression.

“You can move,” George said, breathless.

A shaky breath left Dream as he pulled out just barely before pushing back in, groaning in response to the tightness squeezing around him.

Hands gripped harder on soft thighs, George hoping Dream’s fingers would leave bruising marks on his pale skin.

Then Dream moved again, pulling out more before thrusting in slightly harder that time. A high-pitched moan left George at the feeling of Dream reaching so deep inside of him.

With another hard thrust, George moaned out “*Fuck*” through swollen lips.

Each push of Dream’s hips was slow and deep, having George moaning and whimpering at the blissful feeling that wasn’t fast enough. It was like Dream was doing it on purpose, still teasing despite having his cock buried deep inside George.

Dream was nearly pulling out all the way at that point, leaving George practically empty before stuffing him full again with each painfully slow drag of his hips.

Nearly all of Dream’s weight was pushed down onto George’s thighs, folding the boy over himself and making him feel the burning stretch in his legs. George’s hands reached up to grip Dream’s shoulders, fingernails digging into the skin with sharp pain and leaving faint dents.

George was still gasping and moaning every time their skin connected with a lewd slapping noise, quickly becoming a mess under Dream. It felt like too much but not enough at the same time; each thrust had him gasping, but they were too spaced out for George to feel any lasting pleasure. The wave of ecstasy hit him *hard* each time, but just as he began to chase, to crave that feeling of being full, it was being dragged back out of him at an excruciatingly slow pace.

“*Dream, harder, please,*” George moaned out, nails digging sharper into Dream’s broad shoulders.

A smug smirk grew on Dream’s face as he pulled out nearly all the way before slamming back into George, the boy under him practically screaming out in pleasure. Dream continued, slowly pulling out before thrusting back in with a brutal snap of his hips, loving George’s fucked-out expressions and trying to see just how long it would take until George was a complete mess under him, begging for more.

It didn’t take long, considering George was already letting out strings of blissed-out moans, his face twisting in pleasure with every deep thrust. “*Dream,*” the word was said as a whine, George implying what he wanted through a pitiful utterance of the blond’s name.

“What is it, George?” Dream asked teasingly, his voice far too steady considering he was fucking George so well, “You only said harder.” He knew what George had meant, knew George wanted more, wanted harder *and* faster, but he enjoyed slowly pulling the boy apart and leaving him a moaning mess far more than giving him what he so desperately wanted.

Making eye contact, George replied, “Faster, please. I need *more* Dream.” George’s tone was growing slightly annoyed, the boy getting fed up with Dream’s relentless teasing. A dark laugh left Dream’s lips, still continuing his slow, hard thrusts. “I said be rough, so fuck me harder, bitch,” George said the words before he could regret them, his mind hazy with lust and harsh annoyance. As soon as the last words left his pretty pink lips, there was a sharp sting on the side of his face. Dream slapped him, leaving a bright red mark on George’s cheek.

As a half-gasp, half-moan left George at the sting of pain, Dream increased his pace, fucking into George with unrelenting intensity. A string of moans left George as the boy felt himself grow even harder from the harsh treatment.

Then Dream’s hand wrapped around George’s neck, squeezing the sides of George’s throat and restricting the blood flow. The hand around his neck only increased George’s pleasure, loving how utterly wrecked he felt beneath Dream.

Noticing how limp George was becoming, eyes rolling back in his head, Dream gritted out, “Colour?”

Another moan left George before he gasped out, “Green. *Holy shit*, so fucking green.”

George’s hands fell away from Dream’s shoulders to instead grip the bed sheets, feeling his body shift upwards with each snap of Dream’s hips. They were laying sideways on the mattress, George moving closer to the edge of the bed with every thrust.

It was all so overwhelming, and George could feel Dream’s hot breath where it ghosted over his already scorching skin. Dream’s head was hanging over George’s body, his breathing sporadic as he pushed George up on the bed with each merciless drive of his hips.

The room was filled with their broken moans and the obscene wet noise that came with every thrust, skin slapping skin mixing with it all.

Dream then removed his hand from around George's neck to instead use both hands to hold George's waist, using his firm grip to fuck George even harder. Then George felt his head tip over the edge of the mattress, going lax under Dream as he let the pleasure wash over him in near-suffocating waves.

His head fell back, dipping down and hanging off the edge of the bed. He opened his eyes, not even remembering they had ever closed. Looking in front of him, he found a mirror.

The mirror was leaned against a wall, stretching all the way down to the floor. It looked like a full-body mirror. As George's eyes scanned over the mirror, he took in the unbelievably lewd sight in front of him.

He watched as Dream brutally fucked into him, face flushed red and twisted in pleasure; watched as Dream's muscles flexed with each ruthless thrust, the pace making George's head spin.

Then George's eyes found his own in the mirror. He saw how his face was red and how his mouth was hanging open, strings of whiny moans slipping past slick, red lips. His body looked almost limp as Dream fucked into him, the tight grip he had on the bed sheets the only thing keeping him grounded. There was a thin layer of sweat coating his body that made him glisten in the low lighting, messy hair hanging down and some sticking to his forehead with sweat.

Seeing how George's head had draped off the mattress, neck bent and revealing a long stretch of milky skin with blotches of red and purple claiming marks, Dream looked down to see George's face, wanting to make sure the boy was okay as he slowed his movements.

He followed George's gaze to find the tall mirror leaned against his bedroom wall. In the reflection, Dream saw how George was looking right at it, watching himself get fucked.

At the realization, another smirk found its way to Dream's lips. Then, Dream stopped his thrusts, staying deep inside George.

"You like watching yourself get ruined, slut?" Dream asked, his voice low and demanding an answer.

George's gaze shifted up in the mirror, making eye contact with Dream through their reflections. His eyes were wide, and all he could do was let out a pathetic whimper in response, not wanting to admit he was watching them.

Dream reached down, lightly smacking George's face before firmly gripping the boy's jaw and hearing a whiny, choked-out moan leave the boy in response to the rough treatment. "Answer me," Dream's firm tone left no room for complaint, the harsh grip he had on George's jaw only making George submit further.

"Yes," his voice was quiet and hoarse, the boy forcing the word out of his throat and admitting to his sinful actions.

"Turn over." Dream's voice was again, firm, the words coming out as a demand, not a request.

George flipped over quickly, eagerly getting on his hands and knees for the blond, still facing the mirror.

"On your stomach," Dream said sternly, ordering George around to do as he says.

A hand pushed down on George's back, urging the boy to lie down. George did, getting on his stomach with his legs pressed together and stretched out behind him between Dream's thighs.

Then Dream brought his hand down hard on George's ass with a loud smack, leaving a soon fading red mark. George enjoyed the sharp sting of pain, sucking a breath in through his teeth at the feeling as his fists gripped the bed sheets again.

"Harder," George gritted out.

"Ask nicely, slut. You like the pain that much? Then fucking beg for it."

Pushing aside his dignity, George babbled out, "*Please* Dream, harder. Your hand feels so fucking good, *please*. Make me scream, leave my ass red and bruising. Fuck, just- *please*."

Looking in the mirror in front of him, George watched as Dream brought his hand down again, hitting George's ass harder that time. A moan spilled from George from the oddly pleasant feeling, discovering how much he liked feeling a strong hand on him in such a harsh way.

"Again," George pleaded.

Another hard slap hit George's ass, the brunet keening at the feeling and pushing his ass up into the air in an attempt to tempt Dream into doing it again. Dream did, turning the boy's ass into an even darker shade of red and watching how George's body squirmed in pleasure.

"Good boy," Dream mumbled softly, rubbing the blooming crimson mark on George's ass soothingly, in contrast to the previously hard slaps.

Dream then brought both his hands to knead the soft skin, gently gripping it and spreading the boy open lewdly. He watched as George's hole fluttered, desperate to have something inside of it. George hummed in pleasure, basking in the feeling of Dream's hands on him.

Then Dream leaned over, his stomach pressing flush against George's ass as he wrapped a hand around the boy's neck gently, his other hand holding himself up on the bed. His lips brushed against George's ear as he mumbled, "If I had known you were such a pain slut, maybe I would've fucked you sooner."

George only whined in response, feeling heat pool low in his gut at the dirty words. Dream pressed a soft kiss to the helix of George's ear before moving his lips to the boy's neck, trailing wet kisses along down it and listening to how George's breath hitched by his ear.

Moving to George's untouched back, Dream pressed more kisses down it, scraping his teeth along the hot, slightly sweaty skin occasionally. His hand then left George's neck to hold George's waist instead, rubbing his thumb over the smooth skin.

Dream moved his way down until he got to the slope of the boy's ass, pressing another open-mouthed kiss on the soft skin before biting down hard, loving the pleasure-filled sound that left the boy under him in response. George arched his back, pushing his ass back into Dream as if begging for more. Dream bit down again, a stuttered gasp leaving the brunet.

Then Dream brought his hands to the boy's ass, gripping smooth skin and spreading the boy open. George flinched as he felt Dream spit on his hole, the slick liquid slowly running down him.

Leaning down, Dream licked a stripe up where his spit was trailing down, catching it on his tongue and spreading it over George's hole. A broken gasp fell from George's lips in response to the feeling of Dream's hot, wet tongue on him.

Dream flattened his tongue on George's hole, licking as he pushed his face closer. His hands were still spreading George open, giving him better access to pleasure the boy. Soft sighs of contentment

left George, letting himself relax under Dream.

“*Fuck*, you taste so good George,” Dream said, pulling his head away for a moment to speak before spitting on George’s hole again.

Dream brought his head back down again, sloppily lapping at George’s hole and making everything slicker.

George moaned out as he felt Dream’s tongue push inside him. His body twitched at the blissful feeling, clenching around the intrusion before letting his body go lax, welcoming Dream in farther. Then George lifted his head up slightly, finding his eyes in the mirror in front of him. He watched his blissed-out expressions, looking like a pathetic mess with messy hair and slick red lips.

Wet sounds filled the room as Dream continued, the noises mixing with George’s hums of pleasure. Then Dream moaned, sending vibrations through the boy under him. He kneaded George’s ass, pushing his tongue deep inside and closing his eyes to focus on making George feel good.

Reaching under George, Dream grabbed George’s dick, pulling it out to rest between soft thighs. He moved down, lapping at George’s cock before licking a long stripe back up to George’s hole to continue eating him out.

The bliss was rolling over George in non-stop waves, each wet sensation feeling better than the last. His head dropped back down to the mattress as he closed his eyes. Moans spilled past his lips constantly, his hands tightly gripping the bed sheets as he let Dream do as he pleased, enjoying every second of it. “*God*, that feels so fucking good, Dream,” George hummed.

The praise made Dream moan again, continuing his movements and seemingly trying to make George feel even better. It worked, leaving George a moaning mess under Dream’s hot tongue.

Eventually, when George was nearly drooling at the overwhelming pleasure, Dream pulled away, wiping the spit from his mouth before firmly smacking George’s ass again.

George whined at the loss, “*Dream*, your cock- I want your cock. *Please*.”

“Needy whore,” Dream spat darkly. “You already had my cock. I could just tongue-fuck you ‘till you cum if you’re that impatient, maybe use my fingers if I decide you deserve them.”

“No, Dream, please. It’s not enough. I can’t take any more teasing. *Please*, need to cum so badly,” George felt like he was slowly losing himself, his mind consumed by thoughts of Dream, finding it hard to think about anything else. His cock was aching, throbbing, desperate to release the built-up tension in his gut.

George felt a finger trace down his spine gently, making him shiver. Then Dream’s hands began brushing over his sweaty skin, leaving feather-light touches that were never enough. It was painfully frustrating, and George leaned into every fleeting touch, his mind feeling too scrambled for him to form any words.

As the delicate touches continued, George felt tears brimming his eyes, just wanting Dream to do something. Each touch only left him needing more, wanting to feel Dream touch him for longer than a fleeting second. The hands were teasing, barely giving George the contact he so desperately craved.

A soft sob left George’s puffy lips and Dream immediately stopped his movement, growing worried. He looked in the mirror, seeing George with tears streaming down his flushed cheeks.

“Colour?” Dream asked gently.

It took George a moment to respond before he choked out a quiet “Yellow.”

Dream swiftly got off the bed to go crouch down by George’s face so he could look at him. His hands gently cupped George’s face, tilting the boy’s head up to make eye contact. George looked at him with slightly red eyes, tears slowly, silently rolling down his face.

Gently wiping the tears away with his thumbs, Dream asked, “What’s wrong, baby?”

“I’m fine, I just- I need you Dream, please,” his words were shaky as he tried to control his breathing, feeling slightly better with Dream looking at him as warm hands cupped his face.

“Okay,” Dream muttered softly, whispering the word against pink lips. He ran a hand through the boy’s hair soothingly, watching George’s eyes close as he leaned into the touch. Using his other hand to bring George’s face forward, Dream pressed a soft kiss to the boy’s lips.

As he pulled away, George’s hands shot out, pulling Dream in again to taste him. The kiss was soft as their tongues swirled together, George feeling himself stabilizing and becoming more grounded with each gentle push of Dream’s lips and tongue.

Dream’s hands ran over George’s skin, palms smoothing over his back in gentle yet firm touches, never moving his hands away as he traced over every dip and curve of George’s body.

Then, George pulled away from the kiss slowly, a soft smile making its way onto his face. Dream smiled back, asking, “Better?”

“Better.”

Dream pressed one last kiss to George’s lips before getting up to move onto the bed again, straddling the back of George’s thighs. George rested his cheek on the bed, feeling much calmer after simply kissing Dream and feeling his hands on his body.

Leaning down, Dream pressed soft kisses to George’s back as his hands smoothed over George’s sides. He trailed kisses down until he got to George’s lower back, pulling away and letting his hands run up the slope of the boy’s ass, softly kneading pale skin.

Then Dream trailed a finger down to George’s hole, circling it as a soft gasp left George. The finger slowly pushed in, George moaning at the feeling of having something inside of him again. It wasn’t long until a second finger pushed in, sinking down to the last knuckle.

Dream pushed the fingers in and out, scissoring them to stretch George out even more. He curled them, pressing against George’s prostate and earning a loud, obscene moan from George.

“You want my cock now?” Dream asked lowly, punctuating his sentence with a curl of his fingers.

“Please,” George gasped.

When Dream pulled the fingers out, he brought his hands to George’s ass, holding the boy open as he slowly pushed his still-slick dick in George. George moaned even louder at the feeling of Dream’s cock entering him, fists gripping the bed sheets.

As Dream bottomed out, a breathy moan left his mouth, closing his eyes and feeling just how tight George was. His hands moved to George’s lower back, holding himself up as he pulled out around halfway before thrusting back in again.

Moans spilled from their lips again, keening at the feeling of being connected again. Dream's thrusts were shallow at first, loosening George up and letting the boy adjust to being stuffed full again.

The slow drag of Dream's hips left George gasping at how deep Dream was going, feeling every inch as Dream pushed in. Dream was big, and every time he drove his hips forward, George felt overwhelming ecstasy fill his entire body.

His eyes found the mirror again, watching as Dream fucked into him and seeing Dream's muscles tense with each thrust, face twisted in ecstasy. George had already thought Dream was attractive, but he didn't think Dream could ever look hotter than how he did as he dragged his cock into George, mouth open and panting.

Dream looked down at where they connected, watching George's hole eagerly swallow his cock, almost pulling it in farther. Then Dream sped up, increasing his pace and establishing a steady rhythm. The sound of skin hitting skin filled the room along with their moans, each snap of his hips harder than the last. George's moans sounded like they were being pushed out of him every time Dream's hips connected with his ass, pathetic whimpers crawling out from the back of his throat.

Then Dream was rolling his hips into George, his cock brushing against George's prostate each time. He leaned down farther, resting on his forearms on the bed as he fucked into the boy.

Feeling Dream closer, George tilted his head, craning his neck to find Dream's face. Noticing George's shift, Dream leaned forward more, sloppily pressing his lips to George's. He let his body fall farther down onto George, lazily rolling his hips as he messily kissed the boy, tongues sliding together. Dream brought his arm to wrap around George's shoulders, lifting the boy towards his lips to get a slightly better angle.

With their mouths connected, each moan was muffled, both boys breathing heavily through their noses as they got lost in pleasure with each other.

When the strain on Dream's neck became uncomfortable, he pulled away from the kiss, breathing heavily. He leaned up and planted his hands on George's waist, legs still pushing George's thighs together as he thrust his hips into George harder, tilting his head back at the tight heat surrounding his cock.

As his eyes moved up, he caught sight of the mirror again. He had forgotten about it amid his lust, forgotten how George had watched himself getting fucked into the mattress.

Now that he remembered, his thrusts slowed slightly. He looked at George, seeing the boy's cheek pressed flushed to the mattress. Dream brought a hand to reach forward, threading his fingers into soft hair before gripping harshly, pulling George's head up roughly. George gasped at the feeling, his scalp stinging with slight pain as his eyes shot open.

George immediately went to look at the mirror in front of him, seeing Dream looking right back at him through their reflections with an evil glint in his eyes.

"Watch yourself in the mirror," Dream stated firmly, voice low and deep.

George whimpered at the demand, finding his own eyes in the mirror before he felt Dream slam into him with unrelenting force, causing him to spread his red lips wide as an obscene moan left him. Dream continued at the brutal pace, hips snapping into George with one hand gripping the boy's hair and the other on the boy's waist, holding him in place as he fucked into him.

“You like that? You like watching yourself get fucked?”

George only moaned in response, a whine leaving him as his brain went foggy with how good everything felt. The harsh pace of Dream’s thrusts, the sting of pain in his scalp, Dream’s stern words, and the way George looked so utterly wrecked in the mirror by it all, it was all making his head spin in lust.

The hand in George’s hair gripped harder, forcing George to crane his neck uncomfortably, “Answer me, slut.” The sharp words sent tingles flowing throughout George’s body, his dick twitching.

“Y-Yes,” George stuttered out breathlessly.

“That’s what I thought.” Then Dream released his harsh grip on George’s hair, letting the boy’s head fall back down. “Keep watching,” he said sternly, leaving no room for complaint.

A soft whimper left George’s swollen lips as he kept his eyes trained on the mirror in front of him, switching between watching Dream pound into him and watching his own fucked-out expressions.

Dream moved his hands to curl under George’s thighs, lifting the boy’s ass up to meet his hips with each rough thrust forward. George continuously let out whiny moans, feeling the knot in his stomach tighten every time Dream drove his cock into him.

Then Dream leaned down again, resting on his forearms on the bed as he dragged his hips deep into George. George nearly cried out at the feeling, Dream’s cock brushing against his prostate.

Dream stretched his legs out before curling his feet over George’s calves, hooking onto the boy’s legs to spread George apart. He dragged George’s legs open, feeling himself go even deeper inside the boy with each rough roll of his hips.

Breathy moans fell from Dream’s lips as he squeezed his eyes shut, heat pooling low in his gut. Then Dream moved his hands to grip George’s wrists, pinning them down on the bed as he fucked the boy *hard*.

Their sweaty bodies brushed together as Dream sank slightly lower, sloppily pressing his lips to George’s back with a chaste kiss.

George was still watching his expressions in the mirror, seeing his flushed face and blown out pupils. He was nearly drooling down his already slick lips, biting down into the soft flesh of his bottom lip to muffle the lewd moans spilling from him non-stop.

Then Dream’s hands slipped from George’s wrist to slide over the back of George’s hand, intertwining their fingers. George immediately tightened his grip, squeezing onto Dream’s hands to ground him.

George was left completely motionless under Dream, his legs and arms pinned down to the mattress as Dream pounded into him. The bliss was almost overwhelming, and George felt himself quickly growing close to climax, his lower abdomen tightening each time Dream’s cock dragged against his prostate.

Then George’s mouth dropped open again, sinfully lewd moans falling from red lips as he couldn’t contain them anymore. Each snap and roll of Dream’s hips got harder, rougher. George got lost in the bliss of it all, his eyes still watching the two of them in the mirror.

“*Fuck*, I’m close,” Dream gritted out.

“Me too,” George moaned out, voice sounding strangled, “Your cock feels so good, so *big*.”

“Shit, George,” Dream breathed, sounding like he was quickly losing all self-control.

A whimper fell from George’s lips with a deeper drive of Dream’s hips, his body writhing beneath the blond.

With that, Dream lifted off of George, gripping the boy’s hips roughly as he picked up his pace, thrusts losing rhythm as he neared his climax. Each snap of his hips was merciless as he chased his orgasm, deep moans spilling from his lips.

Then, just as he started to slip over the edge, he pulled out, stroking his dick quickly and coating George’s hole in his hot cum. His hips stuttered as his orgasm hit him, choked-out moans pouring out of him at the blissful feeling. George pushed his ass up as a welcome invitation, loving the feeling of Dream’s cum spilling onto him.

Dream milked his cock until he was shuddering from slight overstimulation, looking down at the obscene sight of George’s hole dripping in his cum. He then brought a hand to grab George’s ass, spreading him open before using his other hand already on his dick to line his cock up with George’s hole. He swiped up some of the cum with the head of his cock before slowly pushing back into George.

A deep moan left Dream as he pushed back in, the tightness surrounding his cock sending sparks of overstimulation through his body.

George let out an obscene moan as he felt Dream slowly push in, feeling the hot cum coat his insides and make everything even slicker. He had already been close, but feeling Dream fuck his cum back into him was making George’s head spin.

Dream bottomed out, pushing his cum deep inside George and hearing a soft gasp leave the brunet in response. He slowly thrust his hips, driving his cum deeper into George and watching as it lewdly spilled out of the boy.

“Fuck, *yes*,” George moaned out in ecstasy.

The overstimulation was making Dream’s whole body twitch, but feeling George clench around him, pulling in his cum-coated cock, was definitely worth it.

His movements sped up just barely as he reached a hand around behind him, wrapping his fingers around George’s dick and stroking it, swiping his thumb over the tip to spread the precum.

Dream then brought his hand back to where he was fucking into George to swipe up a small amount of his cum. Bringing his hand back to George’s dick, he spread his cum over the length and used it as lube as he began stroking George again. His hand was moving quickly as he slowly thrust into the boy, wet sounds filling the room and mingling with their loud moans.

“Cum for me, George,” Dream said breathlessly, twisting his hand on the head of George’s cock.

A high-pitched moan left George as he felt himself nearing his climax, feeling even closer with Dream’s words. With one last harder thrust from Dream, George was screaming, cumming white ropes all over Dream’s hand.

George gripped the bed sheets hard, his eyes squeezing shut as the overwhelming orgasm washed over him. Dream was still stroking his cock, milking out every last drop of hot cum all over his hand and on the bed below. The softening cock still deep inside George slowed to a stop as Dream

focused on the movement of his hand, watching the boy under him writhe and moan in the sheets.

Then, when George's body became limp aside from a few twitches of overstimulation, Dream's hand finally slowed. He stopped his movements completely, keeping his hand wrapped around George's cock as he looked down at the boy.

George's cheek was pressed against the bed, his back glistening with a thin layer of sweat and moving with each deep breath from George. His hands had loosened their grip on the bed sheets, the boy slowly relaxing into the bed as he came down from his intense high.

Without warning, Dream moved his hand again, stroking George's cock quickly. He watched as George squirmed below him, a sharp moan getting pulled from the back of his throat. It was so lewdly hot, seeing George tensing and unable to control himself from moaning out at the slightly painful feeling.

"*Dream,*" George cried out, his voice hoarse.

When he heard George, Dream stopped the movement of his hand, feeling the length twitch in his tight grip.

Then, Dream slowly pulled his hand off George's dick, palm smoothing over the obscene amount of cum coating George's cock. His grip was still tight as it slipped over the head, finally releasing the boy's pulsing cock with a lewd wet sound.

George shuddered underneath him, his body aching from the non-stop pleasure he just experienced.

Dream's cock was still buried in George, having not moved since George came. Carefully, Dream pulled out, hearing a stuttered gasp leave George in response. Cum spilled out of George, coating the back of the boy's thighs in a slick white. It was delightfully obscene, the way George's hole fluttered at the empty feeling, only working to push more cum out of the boy.

"*Fuck,*" Dream half-moaned, not being able to take his eyes away from where his cum dripped out of George, the filthy sight sparking hot possession in Dream.

Dream's clean hand moved to knead the soft skin of George's ass, spreading him open slightly to watch while hot white dripped out of him.

George was still coming down from the intensity of it all, lying still under the blond and allowing the boy to admire him.

"I'll be right back, baby," Dream said softly, getting off the bed and heading to the bathroom.

He cleaned off his hand first before soaking a cloth with warm water and getting two painkillers. He brought them back to the bedroom, putting the pills down on his bedside table before moving to where George was, lying unmoved on the bed.

Dream used the cloth to gently clean off George, doing as much as he could without it feeling like too much for George. When he finished cleaning up George, he wrapped up the cloth and put it aside before threading a hand into George's hair, combing through it gently.

"You okay, love?" Dream asked softly.

George's eyes fluttered open, finding Dream's as he smiled tenderly. He hummed out his response lazily, closing his eyes again and relaxing into the bed.

“Wait here,” Dream said quietly, getting up again to go into the kitchen.

He got two glasses of water before heading back to George, placing the water on the table beside the painkillers.

“George, can you sit up for me?” His words were careful and loving, soft tenderness laced in his tone.

Groaning, George got up from where he was face-down on the bed, turning over to sit up in the middle of the mattress.

“Here, take these painkillers,” Dream said as he handed George the two pills and a glass of water.

George accepted the items, popping the pills in his mouth before drinking them down with water. The cold water felt good sliding down his throat, cool liquid soothing his raw throat and grounding him. He drank over half before handing the glass back to Dream, feeling more awake after the refreshing drink.

Dream sipped some of his water before getting two pairs of clean boxers. He handed one to George, which was surely too big for the boy, but that didn’t matter much at the moment. George pulled them on a bit reluctantly, not wanting to move, as Dream put his own on.

Then Dream slipped under the covers, lifting them and motioning for George to join him, saying, “C’mere.”

George crawled over to Dream, getting under the covers with him. As soon as George was under the blankets, Dream wrapped his arms around the boy gently. He pulled him in close to his body, feeling like he could never get enough of feeling their skin pressed together, body heat radiating from one to the other. Their bodies were slightly sweaty and still warm from earlier, but Dream didn’t care in the slightest when George was nuzzling into his chest, arms wrapping around Dream’s torso to bring himself closer.

Pressing a soft kiss into soft brown hair, Dream asked, “How are you feeling?”

“Tired,” George mumbled sleepily, pressing his face closer into Dream.

A soft chuckle left Dream, his chest lightly moving against George’s, “Yeah, but, I meant.. with everything.”

George pulled his head away from Dream’s chest, tilting it to look into emerald eyes he saw as golden. “What do you mean?” George asked softly.

“Like.. with us.” Dream’s eyes shifted away from George’s as he spoke, feeling slightly nervous.

“I don’t regret anything if that’s what you’re asking. But I’m tired; can we talk in the morning?”

“Yeah, of course,” Dream said reassuringly, looking back into dark brown eyes. He felt his heart rate pick up slightly when their eyes met, the full realization of what they just did together still settling in.

As George nestled his head back into Dream’s chest, letting out a delicate sigh, Dream couldn’t stop the flutter of his heart. He was lying there, holding George in his arms, finally. Fucking *finally*. And although they just had sex, Dream still found himself worrying over if George felt the same.

It was clear that George at least felt *something*, but Dream knew he had been in love with the boy for a while, whether he was aware of it or not in the past.

Feeling George's soft puffs of breath against his skin, though, it was easier for him to calm his nerves. So, tightening his hold on the boy wrapped up in his arms, Dream closed his eyes. They'd talk about it in the morning.

When morning came, it was George who woke up first. His eyes slowly blinked open, being met with a warmly lit room, the morning light leaking through closed blinds and bathing them in a golden glow.

As his senses came back to him, George felt a warm body pressed against him. Dream's arms were wrapped around his waist, holding him close. George felt his heart swell when he looked down, seeing how peaceful Dream looked with his face pressed into George's bare chest.

George's arms were wrapped around Dream's shoulders, loosely resting on tan skin. He smiled to himself, content to be waking up in Dream's arms, the early sun illuminating them in the otherwise dark room.

Instead of waking Dream up, George let the boy sleep, allowing him to use George as his pillow. He closed his eyes, not falling asleep but simply enjoying the moment for a while longer. It was nice, lying with Dream in the early morning, not a care in the world as he felt so unbelievably safe in his lover's arms.

They had nothing scheduled that day, so that meant they could sleep in, George not worrying about having to get up and get ready for anything. Although they likely had a lot to talk about, George found that he didn't quite mind. If anything, he was looking forward to when those golden eyes would flutter open.

He wanted to hear that grumbly morning voice, wanted Dream to pull him closer, press their bodies together, and tangle their legs until their skin was flush together at every point possible.

Eventually, Dream did wake up. He shifted in the bed, subconsciously pulling George closer in his half-asleep state. George couldn't help but smile at the action, his heart fluttering in his chest.

Then, George brought a hand up to run his fingers through Dream's hair. Dream leaned into the touch, letting out a content hum at the feeling of George's fingers gently scraping his scalp.

When George pressed a soft kiss into blond waves, Dream opened his eyes. He took a moment to process the fact that George was still right there, cuddled up next to him, his mind short-circuiting as he felt skin-on-skin and a careful hand threading into his hair.

Dream looked up, tilting his head where it lay on George's chest. Peering up, he saw a warm smile, George already looking back at him.

"Good morning," George said fondly, voice barely above a whisper.

A wide grin stretched across Dream's face, his heart pounding out of his chest as he looked into dark brown eyes. "'Morning, George," Dream's words were slurred with sleepiness.

Then Dream shifted up, leaning over George slightly and looking down at the boy. He stayed there, eyes scanning over George's face and simply taking the boy in. It was hard to believe everything that happened, looking down and seeing marks all over George that *Dream* gave him; it

was so pleasantly overwhelming.

George's face shifted, his small smile accompanied by a slightly confused look, "What?"

"Can I kiss you?" Dream asked softly, locking eyes with George.

George's smile grew wider, unable to stop the sheer joy that radiated from him. Despite everything that happened the night before, George still felt butterflies swarm his gut when the words fell from Dream's lips. Kissing again would be like a way of confirming that what happened before wasn't just a one-time thing, and George was overly happy at the fact.

"Of course," was George's reply.

Then Dream leaned down, bringing a hand to cup George's cheek as he softly pressed his lips to George's. They both smiled into the kiss, not even trying to fight it. It only lasted a second before Dream was pulling away, a giddy smile curving his lips.

Before George had a chance to say anything, Dream was peppering kisses all over the boy's face, causing George to softly giggle at the affectionate action.

Once Dream had felt satisfied having covered every inch of George's face with kisses, he pulled away again, eyes filled with something akin to love.

There was a beat of silence before George hesitantly said, "So.."

A soft chuckle left Dream before he responded, "So.. how are you feeling?"

"A little sore and really hungry. But.. I feel good."

"Good?"

"Yeah," a breath of laughter fell from George, aware of his vague wording; he had never been too great with words.

Luckily for George, Dream was much better at them. "Well, I was expecting a little more than that, but I can go first," Dream said light-heartedly. "I don't want this to be a one-time thing. Last night was something I've wanted for a while, even though I didn't really know that until it happened. And this morning, waking up beside you, I definitely wouldn't mind doing that again." He paused for a moment, looking into George's eyes and thinking over his next words. It didn't take long for him to know what he wanted to say, perhaps because he had been wanting to say it for far too long; been waiting to say it in a way that felt different, that meant more than just friends.

"I love you, George."

The words seemed so simple the second they left his mouth. It felt natural, felt as if he hadn't just confessed his love for his best friend. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that they already had sex the night before, but either way, saying those words felt like the easiest thing in the world.

George felt his cheeks warm at the overly fond gaze of Dream as the boy told him he loved him. It wasn't much of a surprise that Dream loved him in that way, especially after all of the recent events, but it still made George's heart pound harder in his chest.

Feeling his face flush, George brought his hands to his face, hoping to hide how red he was as a big grin spread across his lips unwillingly. Dream laughed in response, enjoying George's flustered reaction.

“George,” his tone was soft and reassuring, willing George to pull his hands away.

George did, moving his hands to look into Dream’s eyes again. “I love you, too,” he said quietly, just enough for Dream to hear.

Then Dream lips were on his again, and George could feel the curve of his smile. He kissed back, matching Dream’s softness. Instead of pulling away that time, Dream pressed more long kisses to George’s pink lips. George accepted them eagerly before parting his lips in the kiss, inviting Dream to slip his tongue inside.

Their tongues pushed together with a certain tenderness that hadn’t been there before. As the kiss deepened, chests pressed together, their bodies heating up slightly. George’s hands moved from cupping Dream’s face to running over the toned muscles of the boy’s back, while Dream kept one hand holding George’s cheek, pulling the boy in closer to kiss him with a newfound passion.

After minutes passed of getting lost in each other, the two slowly pulled away. “You taste gross,” George teased, knowing he probably also tasted of less-than-pleasant morning breath.

“And you still kissed me,” Dream retorted, a knowing smile growing on his face.

George’s eyes shifted, trying to think of a response, “Well.. whatever.” Silence filled the room for a moment before George rushed to continue, “I’m still hungry; can we make breakfast? We never got to eat dinner last night.” George resorted to changing the subject, avoiding any further embarrassment.

Dream let out a huff of laughter before giving in to George’s sad attempt at avoidance, “Okay, let’s go make breakfast.”

After pressing one more kiss to George’s lips, Dream got off the bed, George following. They got dressed (George stealing one of Dream’s hoodies in the process) before brushing their teeth and going to make food with each other.

They fell into a domestic routine easily, stealing kisses and soft touches while they worked together in the kitchen. It all felt natural, even when they decided to shower together after eating.

Everything felt warm when they were together, falling into a routine only slightly different than what they had before; it was all they could ever really ask for.

End Notes

thanks for reading!

leave a comment if you're up for it, i always love reading them all <3

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